

The Father of the Fellowship

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

I have withdrawn by myself, many times today,
to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting
between the living and the dead. I have bethought me
of all that gracious and compassionate history.

—Charles Dickens.



Published Bi-Monthly by the

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP

for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.

15 Philipse Place

Yonkers 3, N. Y.



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SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Startling Preparations

Facts concerning the purposes of those who rule behind the "Iron Curtain" are needed for effectual, fervent prayer. A distinguished and reliable correspondent, Michael Padev, states in the London "Daily Telegraph": "Radio Moscow recently asked that Communists should support 'legal, progressive and inevitable wars.' Wars waged by Soviet Russia were described as 'the most legal and holy of all wars.' . . . Wars waged by Russia against the capitalist states 'are decisive, and must be victorious.' Consequently Soviet military 'art' is 'inspired with an offensive ideology' worked out by 'the greatest military leader of all times and of all peoples—the genius of military science, Generalissimo Stalin.'"

This statement confirms what we have known for several years. Thousands of honest, hard-working people are slaves. They are driven by their godless taskmasters to pile up weapons of war. The blinded, ambitious dictators are determined to plunge ahead with their world-wide schemes and their delusive ideology.

We are not concerned with politics. We are called to war against principalities and powers—the rulers of the darkness (Ephesians 6.10-18). Call it prayer-warfare if you will. We stand on Redemption ground. Our determination must be declared (I Corinthians 2.2). "Our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God." Our sword is the Word of God. Satan's forces are terrific behind this "No-God war campaign." Some talk of the "cold war," the "underground war," etc. We are called to use the sword of the Lord in real, aggressive prayer. Do not imagine your praying in faith is of no value. God forbid! Do not imagine that a donation or subscription is of more value than faith in Jesus' mighty Name. To give is good. To give sacrificially is excellent. All should subscribe to God's weapons—the Word of Truth—to win the hearts of the slaves. Missionaries agree with this call to prayer. Therefore let your determination be real, definite, and with confidence in God's promises: "O Lord, take my weak faith; show me that I am strong in Thee, through the Finished Work on Calvary's Cross. Thou art risen, and I am risen with Thee. Therefore Satan's hosts must flee at the triumphant Name of Jesus."

Our preparation for the Holy War shall startle the prince of the power of the air. Hallelujah for the Cross! He lives. He reigns. "Behold, He cometh!" "Even so. Come, Lord Jesus." Yours in His strength and overcoming power,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

The Father of the Fellowship



DR. GEORGE H. DOWKONTT

Over one of the porticoes of the Hall of Fame of New York University these words are inscribed: "Mighty men which were of old, men of renown." We have been led to think, in past months, how richly the American-European Fellowship has been blessed with leaders who, on the noblest levels of Christian character, answer to this description. How the names come thronging to mind, thick and fast! O. R. Palmer, Herbert Hogg, Arno C. Gaebelin, Norman J. Smith, George A. Simons—these and many others have, in their time, served their God, have served the Fellowship well and truly, and then, in the providence of God, have fallen on sleep, and passed from our mortal sight, not to be greeted by us again

until the glad resurrection morning, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live (John 5.25). And we associate with them, in our thinking, a great number of loyal and devoted friends who, in quieter ways, but none the less faithfully and lovingly, served the Fellowship by their prayers and gifts. We remember them all, though there is not space to chronicle all their names.

Since we last wrote to you, the Fellowship has been bereaved by the passing from this earthly scene of one who was, in a very real sense, its father and its presiding genius. Our beloved President, Dr. George H. Dowkontt, entered into the presence of his Lord on August 14, 1952. The circumstances of Dr. Dowkontt's death were peculiarly touching and, in a sense, dramatic, and we may therefore be forgiven if we avoid formality and write of him just as simply as we would speak of him, if today we could walk into the homes of all our readers for a personal visit. He would have it so, for he was loved as deeply as he was honored.

Memory goes back almost six years, to the hour when we sat listening while our pastor, Mr. Graig, conducted the funeral service for Rev. Norman J. Smith. In that hour, we had the warm and comforting clasp of Dr. Dowkontt's hand to sustain us. Immediately after the service, he and our other beloved friend, Dr. Simons, requested us to carry on the work of the Fellowship. From that time on, we were supported in the work by Dr. Dowkontt's unfailing kindly interest, as well as by his meticulous attention to all matters of business. To serve under him for those six years, to come to know and love him better, was in truth an inspiration. Once, in that early time, we leafed through the files of correspondence for previous years, that we might understand the background of the work more fully. Dr. Dowkontt's file was read most attentively. In all the letters he ever addressed to the officers of the Fellowship, there was not one unkind word. Of how many Christian leaders can this be said? It is, perhaps, the essential kindness and warm humanity of the man that will be longest remembered.

Following his long and distinguished years of service as pastor, as head of the Fulton Street Noon Prayer Meeting, as President of the Fellowship, and in many other spheres of Christian service, Dr. Dowkontt was stricken, in February, 1952, with a serious illness, from which he never completely recovered. His beloved and devoted wife, who for over forty-five years had

so beautifully assisted him in all his work—in the ministry of music, in the handling of business details, and in countless other quiet and unobtrusive ways—now took over, with the unselfishness of love, the task of caring for him. The grown son and daughter were far away and had their own lives to live, which must not be interfered with. So, at least, this heroic soul interpreted the situation. From February until August, she was in literally constant attendance upon him. It is safe to say that, during this entire period, she never had an unbroken night's rest. Many nights were entirely sleepless, with a few compensating minutes of repose snatched when possible during the day.

"I couldn't bear to send him to a hospital," she said, and we, remembering the love that existed between our own father and mother, thoroughly understood. Once, toward the end of the long ordeal, Dr. Dowkontt asked her: "How long has it been,—six months, or seven?" She replied, "Seven." He sighed and said: "It's been a long stretch." But when the end came, her first reaction was the cry of pure love: "I didn't think it would be so soon." Friends were, of course, generous with their tokens of remembrance and love, but it was upon Mrs. Dowkontt that the whole burden of caring for her husband fell. There is nothing more heroic in the annals of the Fellowship than the saga of her devotion, extending far beyond the normal limits of human strength, and drawing heavily upon the resources of God.

During this interval, tragedy struck the Fellowship's circle of closest friends in another way. When Dr. Dowkontt was laid aside by illness, our dear Dr. Simons, the Assistant Treasurer, naturally assumed the charge of certain business details which hitherto had been the responsibility of the President. Dr. Simons was five years younger than Dr. Dowkontt, and had been, until very recently, in robust health. The rest of the story is known to readers of our July-August magazine. A heat prostration, the recurrence of an old susceptibility to sunstroke, complete exhaustion, then an operation, and, on August 2nd, Dr. Simons went from us. The suddenness of his passing left us all dazed. His was one of those vigorous and dynamic personalities which, humanly speaking, seems as if it could not be stilled. Yet the stillness had fallen.

That was on a Saturday. On Monday, August 4th, some of the friends of the Fellowship attended the services in Brooklyn for Dr. Simons. Returning, we managed to write—in the intervals of preparing copy for the magazine—a long letter to Dr. and Mrs. Dowkontt, telling in detail all that we knew they would be interested to hear. We shall always be thankful to God that He led us to write thus promptly. The letter reached them on Monday, August 11th. Mrs. Dowkontt read it aloud to the Doctor, slowly, and she reported that he understood every word. Just three days later, on Thursday, August 14th, the curtains that separate the Here from the Hereafter parted once more, and the Messenger came for Dr. Dowkontt.

He sat up on the edge of his bed, and called for Mrs. Dowkontt, who had gone to the kitchen to make him an egg-nog. She came, and saw at once that the end was at hand. She will pardon us for giving (without her permission) her exact words as she reported them shortly afterward to us: "I'm right here with you, and God is right here with you. I'll hold your hand as long as I can, and He will take you the rest of the way." Could there be a more sublime testimony of Christian faith?

We do not believe that coincidences are meaningful, but it was with an extra little tug at the heart we learned that Dr. Dowkontt died at 2.30 on a Thursday afternoon. Rev. Norman J. Smith, whose passing occurred November 7, 1946, also departed on a Thursday afternoon between two and three o'clock.

Again we may be pardoned for reproducing verbatim (from *The New York Times*) the most beautifully worded obituary notice we have ever seen: "DO . . . KONTT—Aug. 14, 1952. At home with the Lord, Rev. George H. Dowkontt, M.D., beloved husband of Elenora E. and devoted father of Elenora Putnam and George H., Jr. Also survived by 3 sisters, 3 grandchildren. Services at Fred Herbst Sons Memorial, 7501 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, Sunday 3 P.M. Funeral Monday 10 A.M. Interment Mount Olivet Cemetery." The daughter, Mrs. Albert H. Favre, flew home from Germany where her husband is stationed, arriving in time for the final service on Monday. She remains in this country until November 5th, when pressing matters of business make it necessary for her to rejoin her husband abroad. We thank God that she was enabled to come here and minister so lovingly to her mother in the time of greatest need.

Speakers at the service on Sunday afternoon included the Rev. John Verleur, of the Berean Reformed Church, Paterson, N. J.; the Rev. Vernon Smith, of the Community Church of Richmond Hill, N. Y., and others. An evangelistic note was struck in all that was said and done that day; prayers were offered for the evening services to be held that night, that souls should be born again. The throng of mourners was very large, and the floral tributes were unusually beautiful and impressive. Some of our readers may like to know that the Fellowship's offering was a Cross of white lilies, chrysanthemums and gladiolus.

The service opened with a solo, "Under His Wings I Am Safely Abiding." The speakers then took up this line of thought, not perhaps in these exact words: "A Christian does not have a funeral in the sense in which we think of a funeral. This is a farewell. A Christian has had his funeral at Calvary. There he has died with the Lord Jesus Christ. There is where a Christian begins to live. Dr. Dowkontt has moved away. He is with Christ, which is far better. Dr. Dowkontt, whose life was hid with Christ in God, had a life which could not be destroyed simply by death. How wonderful, Mrs. Dowkontt, that you were a partner with him. We usually eulogize the departed, but we ought to eulogize also those who remain: those at the Fulton Street meetings, and all those who will follow in his train."

The Scripture read was II Timothy 4.1-7. Following this, Mr. Verleur spoke on II Samuel 19.18: "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household, and to do what he thought good." He said, in part: "King David has wrought the victory, and he now is by himself in the city of Jerusalem, and he brings his own over to be with him. Those for whom the boat was sent did not know the time of departure. The ferry-boat has a wonderful name: its name is Peace. Last week, at a quiet hour, the ferry-boat was sent across the river, to call for one of the King's sons, whose name was, and is, George Dowkontt. The ferry-boat comes at the good pleasure of the King. A Christian does not die a premature death." He concluded: "But there are some of you here who may not be acquainted with the greater David, the Lord Jesus Christ."

Open Bibles were in evidence among the listeners as the Rev. Vernon Smith paid his tribute to Dr. Dowkontt: "He had the greatest calling that any man can ever have, because he was a man guiding men into the presence of God, and building up their souls in the faith. He was a great Pauline preacher; he went to the Epistles of Paul, and he knew how to divide the Word of God." Referring to Philippians 4.13, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he said: "This is a diploma that comes through the rugged university of hard knocks. It is harder to know how to abound than to know how to be abased, but Paul says he has learned all these things. It was a school. He learned under methodical discipline. We must be able to stand

fast when the ground underneath is crumbling and slipping from us. Then it says, 'Rejoice.' How could you rejoice on an occasion like this? But you can. In that cemetery, as you go out there tomorrow, if you have several burials, and only one is that of a believer, the graves will all look alike on the surface, but how different it will be! The one body is filed away to be left until called for. So we can rejoice. Can we be content when one we have lived with so long is taken away? Yes, in Christ we can be content." The services closed with another solo, "When I Come to the End of the Road."

One who stood beside Mrs. Dowkontt afterwards could not help marveling at her endurance. She had a handshake and a personal greeting for each one of the hundreds of people who were assembled there. And two other things stand out in our memory of the solemn beauty of that day. Six years earlier, in THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD for November-December, 1946, Dr. Dowkontt had written as follows concerning the late Rev. Norman J. Smith: "As we looked upon his peaceful countenance, with a faint smile upon his lips, we were reminded of the words of the Psalmist: 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace' (Psalm 37.37)." Dr. Dowkontt himself, when his time came, had the same smile. Our other outstanding recollection is that of a lovely little girl, eight or nine years of age, not a relative, but surely one to whom "Uncle George" had been kind, who came softly afterwards and stood by the casket, looking, without a trace of fear. At last she bent and, in innocent contravention of established custom, touched him lightly, lovingly and most reverently, on the breast. Christianity makes us beautiful in death, even to the eyes of a child.

Dr. Dowkontt was for thirty-three years minister of the South Brooklyn Baptist Church, and for forty years superintendent of the Fulton Street Noon Prayer Meeting in lower Manhattan. His age was eighty-three. Born in England, he was brought to this country when he was ten years old. After attending elementary school in Philadelphia, he studied at Princeton University, and was graduated in 1896 from the New York Homoeopathic College at Flower Hospital. For the next three years he lived in Angola, West Africa, where he worked with missionaries and tended the sick. It was there that he decided to enter the ministry and, returning to the United States, he was ordained a Baptist minister in 1903. For several years he was minister of the Memorial Baptist Church at Eighth Avenue and Sixteenth Street in Brooklyn.

An article in *The Watchman-Examiner* for October 9th, which Mrs. Dowkontt has kindly made available to us, points out that with Dr. Dowkontt there has passed away probably the last link with the memorable revival which occurred at the Fulton Street Noon Prayer Meeting in the nineteenth century. Here, in the heart of the financial district of lower Manhattan, a clear testimony has been given to the grace of God, all through the years. The revival already mentioned had a far-reaching influence, and there were many noteworthy conversions. The evangelical faith entered many an office at the core of the nation's business. The article describing this concludes: "The light of pure faith will never die out while we have such men as George Dowkontt."

Those who have followed this account so far will naturally have two questions in mind: What will Mrs. Dowkontt do now? and, What will the American-European Fellowship do? To both of these questions we are able to give a definite answer. After the funeral, Mrs. Dowkontt went with her daughter for a couple of weeks' rest in Massachusetts. There she suffered a partial collapse, inevitable after her many months of devoted nursing. She



DR. AND MRS. DOWKONTT AT HOME

was brought back to New York, and remained under the doctor's care. Because of high blood pressure, it has not seemed wise for her to continue housekeeping. Following her daughter's departure for Germany, she will live for the present in a private home in Brooklyn, where she will be carefully cared for. The doctor reports satisfaction with her progress, and she herself tells us that she is taking her piano with her. Because we know it will be of intense interest to our readers, we present here a picture of Dr. and Mrs. Dowkontt together, taken a few years ago in their Brooklyn home. It may

serve as a further reminder to you to keep this beloved and heroic woman in your prayers. Writing her today, we said: "You are just as much a part of the Fellowship as ever." If you care to send her a message of sympathy, it may be addressed to the home office of the Fellowship, and will be promptly forwarded.

When Dr. Simons passed away, our pastor, Rev. Walter J. Graig, returning briefly from his summer vacation, was notified of his election to succeed Dr. Simons as Assistant Treasurer. He was to hold that position for exactly twelve days. It had long been the wish and purpose of everyone connected with the administration of the Fellowship, that Mr. Graig should some day become its President. To this post he acceded on the passing of Dr. Dowkontt. In every way—spiritually, theologically, in business experience, and in the same kindness which characterized Dr. Dowkontt—he is the logical man to take up this task. The position of Assistant Treasurer, again left vacant, has now been filled by Dr. David J. Fant, General Secretary of the New York Bible Society. Both Mr. Graig and Dr. Fant were members of the Fellowship's Board of Directors. Photographs and more detailed accounts of these brethren and their work will be presented to our readers as soon as possible. Meanwhile, we thank them for so graciously consenting to serve in their respective capacities, and we covet for them your daily prayers. May a double portion of God's Spirit rest upon them, upon us all in the home office, and upon our missionaries and associates, as we seek to continue the work which was so dear to the heart of our late beloved President.

The Case for the General Fund

With varying degrees of frankness and courage—or perhaps of rashness and foolhardiness—the numerous candidates in the political arena, this fall, have sought to outdo each other in making revelations of their personal financial status, involving bank accounts, income tax returns, indebtedness,

etc. It has occurred to us that the Fellowship, which has no office to run for and no axe to grind, might nevertheless take a leaf out of their book, so far as publicity methods are concerned, and invite its readers to consider some rather startling facts about the General Fund. It is known to you, of course, that our funds are placed (as you direct) in accounts for the various missionaries, or in the General Fund, or in that of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD. Because we will not spend money until we have it, there has been, for the past six years, no deficit in any account. There would, however, have been numerous and large deficits, if it had not been for our policy of constantly transferring whatever was needed from the General Fund, into the missionary accounts, to enable us to send them their monthly allowances regularly. From the General Fund we must also pay all current expenses: salaries, rent, telephone, the cost of printing our magazine, postage (including a large amount monthly for sending relief packages), minor shopping for the missionaries (where the sums expended do not warrant more formal bookkeeping), and incidentals.

We have consistently drawn on the General Fund, almost every month for the past few years, to build up the missionary funds, as described above; a hundred dollars here, another hundred there, in expenditures sometimes totalling three or four hundred dollars a month. Later, when the missionaries were in funds again, we never put any of this money back into the General Fund. We continued to send it all to the missionaries. The General Fund is a stream which only flows one way. Nor do we make, as many societies seem to do, a 25% transfer from missionary gifts, into the General Fund, for overhead expenses. If you give a hundred dollars for a missionary, he gets the hundred dollars, complete.

It will readily be seen that the General Fund is subjected to a tremendous strain in constantly meeting these monthly expenses, and taking care of the missionary needs whenever necessary. This fund is fed only by what you actually give for that purpose. Consequently, the fund has shrunk, in the past six years, from about \$5000.00 to its present figure of about \$500.00.

Elsewhere in this issue you will read the annual report of our auditor, who examined all items of receipt and expenditure for our past fiscal year, and could not find a penny "off" anywhere. This accuracy in spending, and reporting expenses, will continue. But we have asked ourselves, seriously, what the Fellowship is to do if the General Fund drops down, as it seems on the way to doing, to the vanishing point.

The possibilities are threefold. We can either close up the Fellowship, which in these days of great spiritual need is unthinkable; or create a deficit by drawing on missionary funds to meet current expenses, which we will not do; or draw on our own small bank account to whatever extent may be necessary. This last course is the only possible one. Unless gifts to the General Fund begin to mount up very considerably, and very promptly, we will be compelled, not only to carry the administrative burden of the Fellowship (involving sometimes a twenty-four-hour day of work), but also to draw on our own life-savings to subsidize the organization financially. We have no other choice.

To meet the current expenses, and take care of missionary needs as they may arise, we need five hundred dollars a month. This is for the General Fund, in addition to what you give for the specific missionaries. You will find, this month, that the blank on p. 16 contains no name but that of the General Fund. The need is desperate. It has occurred to us that some of our friends might like to give to this fund as a most appropriate memorial to Dr. Dowkontt and Dr. Simons. Such offerings would assuredly have pleased them greatly, as they had the welfare of the home office so much at heart.

We offer you a sound business investment, paying rich dividends both for time and for eternity. Will you take advantage of it—NOW?

Two Letters from France

My dear fellow-workers:—

“And they shall dwell safely.”

In one of the most beautiful spots in the Alpes Maritimes, high up in the mountains, among woods and shrubs, long shady alleys, green lawns with flowers all the year round, and a wonderful view of the blue Mediterranean, stands a great mansion, which formerly was a first-rate hotel, but today has been converted into a lovely home for aged and lonely Jewish people,—mostly such as came out of the great tribulation under the Hitler régime, such as escaped the gas-chamber and the fiery furnace. Many of them bear the scars and marks of great sufferings in mind and body. It was my great privilege to spend a day there among them.

On my arrival I was introduced to the Director, a fine gentleman, a Hungarian Jew who spoke several languages, and for an hour we conversed together. He accepted readily the literature that I gave him in French and German. And later his equally fine wife, a trained nurse, of Dutch-Jewish extraction, showed me over the whole house. It was a delight, it warmed one's heart, to see and witness the loving care that these dear, aged Jews had. Clean cozy rooms with balconies, single and double, bathing facilities, and an infirmary with nurses to care for the ailing ones, all help to make the place attractive and comfortable.

I was given freedom to speak to as many as I could, and there in the spacious sunny living-room, sitting together with men and women of various walks of life, artists, doctors, and bereaved mothers, I saw into the depths of human sorrows and sufferings. One person whose eighty relatives, the nearest and dearest, had all perished, sat there and wept. “Weeping with those who weep” was my function at that moment, and I gave them a few words from the Book, which reveals His everlasting love for His chosen people. And ever after, it was more and more prayers for Israel, who has received double for all her sins. “Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord.” You will help us with prayer.

Later I was invited to take dinner with them, sitting at the table of the staff, but eating the same delicious food that all the family had. I had another opportunity for my Lord—how earnestly one longed for His Presence among them.

Walking down the mountain along a winding road, I passed beautiful, wealthy homes, and had another opportunity to give out the Word and to speak to different persons. It was such a great day of blessings and privileges, and our hearts were filled with praise to Him who had in every way prepared for us. All true service is an outcome of prayer: and thus we thank you all who are faithful partners in this witness to Israel.

We have now furnished 10,000 addresses to Dr. Cooper, and the first printing of his book has been sent. There has been a good response, and we trust for Him to enlighten His people and to prepare them. The second 6000 books are in the making, and we do rejoice in this great ministry.

Then there is our friend, the learned Jew, who soon will finish his prison term. I never knew why he is there, but we have ministered to him these two years with the Word, and with suitable literature. He reads, among many other languages, English. In his last letter he said so touchingly that he was asking the Lord to let him have a few days of fellowship with us, before leaving France. He confesses Christ, and we believe that he belongs to Him for life and service.

Our visitations among the Jews, in parks, by the sea, and in homes, are really encouraging. So much for Israel; in my next letter I shall tell you about the Gentiles—our meetings and our new converts, and the fellowship in worship and service with a group of young spiritual servants of the Lord. Many, many thanks and warm greeting to you all.

(The second letter.) As I came home to Denmark, my heart was deeply stirred to see, if not altars to strange gods, so many false prophets working systematically and with great zeal. Above all, Jehovah's Witnesses were busy. On every corner the most attractive young people were present with their pernicious literature. They were engaged in house-to-house visitation, and at times they had the largest available hall in Copenhagen for their meetings. As the great evangelist John Ferguson has said: "If we do not take heed, we will lose the mission field of Europe."

We were grateful for the large gift of many thousands of tracts, "Seven Things" and others, which had been sent from dear Mrs. Morsey of the Harvester Mission, with others; these parcels were waiting for me at my arrival. We used them in hospitals, in the garden around the wards, where the walking patients were. We spent hours talking with patients and giving them the Word, and we stood in front of the hospitals when the visitors left, and in every possible way—in parks, by the drinking-fountains—we gave out tracts and Gospels. Many personal contacts were made, and followed by home visitations. Other workers were stirred to sow, and to meet inquiring people. Some young people who had been seriously warned by their pastor wanted to read "Seven Things" before accepting it; and then, with a smile, they asked for supplies of it to use with their comrades. Please continue to pray for these efforts. Denmark needs the light of life: the formal State Church needs a visitation from God. We are grateful for a new movement; the finest academic young people are doing a remarkable work with the Word—but opposed by the Church.

We met many old friends, with whom we had blessed fellowship in Bible study and prayer. There were meetings where I could speak for Israel, and visits to the synagogue, where I met many, and heard the man whom they call "the greatest Jew in Europe," who for the sake of his people spent years in Thersienstadt. Once more, I had the privilege to witness to my own—there were family gatherings, and I spoke of Him and Him only. My oldest sister had an operation on the brain; due to her age it could only be done on one side. I was with her before and during the operation, and later I visited her to find her tired and quiet. Do remember her with loving prayer.

Going forth, bearing precious seed, was my joy on the long journey home. It is always most interesting to meet so many people. It affords opportunities, but I can only this time ask you to pray for three that seemingly were ready and eager for the Gospel. A gaily arrayed movie star from Rome—so tired of life, so longing and honestly accepting the Word. A young lawyer from Innsbruck, so fine and interested, with open ear and heart to the Word. Two hours with an open Bible is truly a great and peculiar grace of God. I have later sent him all I could find in the German language. There was an equally fine Italian young man, who received the Word gladly. Lastly, I was sitting face to face with an Englishman, Catholic, who was returning from diplomatic service in the East; I wonder if he understood the Word I gave him. He told me many interesting things both from the East and from Greece, where he had spent many years, and which was, of all foreign countries, his favorite.

Please continue to remember in prayer the many, many books sent directly from Dr. Cooper's office in Los Angeles to the resident Jews of France

and North Africa. And for me, that great grace may be given in visiting the Jews in Nice who already have received the books. As we start out in a new winter's work, we need all your loving support in prayer, and all help possible. The prison ministry is going and growing—one of the most spiritual prisoners has been set free, and he is helping in a home, an old castle, which has been rented for the use of released prisoners.

In loving fellowship I remain, Yours for Christ,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

The True Church

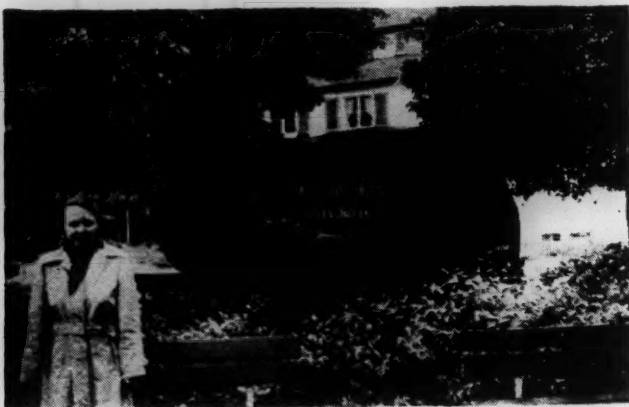
Dear Prayer-helpers:—

"Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on earth?" (Luke 18.8.) I would refer also to the preceding verse, if it may be thus applied, in connection with the following translation of a letter just received, which agrees with my own experience. I too was raised in what they are pleased to term "the only true church," and therefore identified God with that church. The rebellion which the practices of that church raised in my heart, as in myriads of others, turned involuntarily against God, who was the cause of it all, if the church was of God. How was I to know better? Was not that very rebellion an outcry against an injustice, since I did not know where else to place the blame for it? The failure of the so-called evangelical churches to give the true Light, caused me to cast them in the same lot.

But the faithful Lord followed me, and through an accident gave me time and opportunity to hear the true Gospel, in the then Union Gospel meetings in tents, in New York City, in the summer of 1907. Well do I remember hearing various preachers giving their messages, and inviting people to their churches. But I also noticed one man preaching Christ, yet not mentioning his church. That was the one I finally joined, after the Lord had shown me the need of Himself—His forgiveness, leading and promises. That is the reason that, up to this very day, we try to present Christ, and souls like the one who wrote the following lines, are ready to yield to Him. Those who want to hide their insincerity behind some church cloak, do not like it.

This friend writes from London: "Please excuse my belated fulfilling of my promise to write. I had so much to take care of lately, that truly I had no time to spare, yet I do promise to do better. Perhaps you remember me from the meeting in Munich, on March 18 (this was written on June 3rd), when I attended the first and, I am sorry to say, the only gathering before my leaving for abroad. I confess to you that I have been groping in religious matters, and no wonder, having been raised in purely Roman Catholic surroundings. Later, when I began to consider spiritual matters, and the life that leads to God, I could not find a real connection between the religion which I knew, and the real God, whom I wanted to revere. *Only you and your words opened my eyes and my whole mind.* I admit that there are a great many problems which are still not clear to me, but I hope to grasp all gradually, and to lead my life in such a manner as the Lord may desire. That is the only true way.

"We remember you very often, and desire very much that you may come again among us, to strengthen us spiritually, so that we may be worthy of the Lord. Therefore we value every letter from you, for strengthening and spiritual uplifting in our daily life. We are ceasing to despair over our sad fate,



Mrs. Lukesh stands by a monument in Constance, where John Huss, the pre-Reformation reformer, was burned at the stake in the year 1415.

over our lives, and we comfort ourselves by realizing that the Lord knows all about us, and if we act as He wants us to, He surely will not let us fall into everlasting condemnation. This is a great encouragement to us in our present life, and for this I want to thank you personally. I am concluding with hearty greetings to you and your lady.
—K. W. and family."

This man was present at a farewell meeting for a group of friends, who were leaving for Australia and England. It appears that in London there live a number of families so close together, that they share our letters, which we write in answer to the various parties. He had just one chance to hear the true Gospel, as he says. This has been the case with quite a few we have noticed, on whom the effort has not been in vain. Of course, it takes the Lord's preparation of the souls, in order that real blessing may result. Considering a certain conference to be held in England, we trust it will be right to combine both interests and visit these souls, for their encouragement.

When we write to people whom we have contacted with the Gospel, we want to make the letters more than just a friendly chat, even though it takes time to prepare a real message, that would count. Therefore we make four or five copies of each letter, and circulate them, or enclose them with other letters, so that others may share them also. I suppose that is what the Apostle Paul means, when he exhorts that his letters be read also by other churches. The influence of the former church life poisons the souls in many ways, as this writer mentioned that there is still much that is unclear to him. This is the need that we want to meet, in our writing as well as in personal interviews. It is sad, to what extent souls are misled. One said to me: "I served the devil all my life, and am ready to take my place in hell—or, if I was fooled to serve the devil, I will continue in my folly!" How is such language possible? Because they see their priests carry on their nefarious life without any fear of punishment hereafter; so the people make "fun" of hell also.

And there is a poor hope from the Protestant side. A zealous one maintained stoutly that his prayer-book is just as good as the Bible, because it has some quotations in it. What more there is in the Bible, he does not care; the church gives him what is necessary! No wonder, when a severe testing comes, such "faith" vanishes. This I recently heard from a woman who was brought up as an "evangelical." I gave her a lift on the way to town, but have no desire to hear more of such bitter blasphemous denunciation of God—if there is a God, according to her notion. I have heard even very pious evangelicals comfort themselves thus: "Do the best you can, and trust God to work out the rest as He grants." In that very family I observed the sad results of such philosophy, in refusing the Gospel.

One of the sad evidences of religious perversion is, that so many look at any religious effort—as they see it—merely as a chance to get something. From

childhood I remember the joy of receiving a small "holy picture" that was treasured highly. And when further ceremonies are connected with gifts, new dresses and feasts, no wonder it draws the ignorant. When, later, they come to see the vanity of the ceremonies, and turn against them, the thought of getting something remains. The preachers are judged by how much they give in the way of charity, not in presenting the Eternal Gift of God. Do they not see how the priests gather riches and enjoy them? That makes the true proclamation so much harder to present.

About thus far I had this letter sketched several weeks ago, intending to finish it as soon as some arrangements for a Daily Vacation Bible School were completed. We needed a place outside of the regular camps, in order to have more influence on the children. But not until now have I been able to finish it, because of the difficulties which developed. If anyone wants to taste what bureaucracy is, here he can get his fill. I would not weary you even trying to describe it. It just took all our available time for about a week, chasing from one place to another, up to the highest officers of the pertinent Ministeria. At first, every way seemed to be closed, but we did eventually find a place to hold the school. Then another round of chasing through the offices, with the due waiting everywhere, to get a permit to take the children out. School boards, health board, all of hard wood!

Incidentally we found out, in one of the highest offices in the Ministerium, what is brewing against our efforts with the children. At a previous intervention at the Ministerium, we succeeded in getting a permit to use a room in the "kindergarten" in one of the camps, for the children's work. But there are a number of Polish people there, for whom the priest says mass every Sunday. Of course he does not like to have the Polish children come to our meetings, and he succeeded, through the parents, in stopping several of them. The parents know only too well how much the children love to come.

They can talk about toleration, in the lands where they do not rule yet. Envyng us the use of that kindergarten room, they got behind the Board of Health, to prohibit the use of the place for any but the smallest tots. Of course, the necessary room is vital to any work, so we crave your prayers that we may find suitable accommodation. And we trust that, in view of these difficulties, you will bear with us, because of the delay of this letter. We thank you for the faithful sending up of your prayers to God, and the material help through the Fellowship office. May the Lord reimburse you in the way most needed.

In the Master's glad service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

The Ministry in Austria

Vienna, July, 1952.

My dear Prayer-helpers in America:—

It is a long time since you have heard from me,—almost a year, I think; but I assure you, this was not because I have not been working, but rather because there was so much to be done, day after day. The weeks fly by, and one hardly realizes how much time has passed away. I am sorry that I could not give a report sooner, to tell you of what we are trying to do in Austria, for much of it has been forgotten by this time, while new occurrences take the place of the past ones.

At the beginning of June my heart gave out and I had to go away for a little rest, as the Lord told His disciples. First I spent a week at a parsonage in Upper Austria, where I was most kindly invited. Pastor Meier-Schomburg

is one of our best, if not the best, and I had a very blessed time there with him and his dear wife and children. For once, the first time in many years, I enjoyed true Christian fellowship, which I miss so much here in Wien. After leaving there, I had a wonderful time out among the beauties of Nature, on the mountains of Styria, alone with God. I feel somewhat better now, but not entirely well; yet Christ's strength is sufficient for me. Between Christmas and Easter I had to take over the work of the pastor with whom I am working in the hospitals and homes. He had to undergo a very serious operation, and was then sent away to Switzerland to recuperate. When I came back from the country he had already left for his vacation, so that I had double work again from the first day I arrived, and this will last most likely to the end of September, for when he comes back to town he has to substitute for various ministers who will then be away for their vacation. Pastor Monsky is very busy too, travelling continually; he is hardly ever in Wien.

In general, the conditions here have changed little. The work runs on as usual. We carry the Gospel to our people, pass out tracts and other good literature, help, as far as our means will permit, in a physical way, where the need is very great; and we pray that the Lord may keep on blessing Dr. Smith and all the dear friends of the Fellowship who are helping us to make this possible, by their prayers and gifts. We also pray most earnestly that God may open the hearts of the people and grant us a rich revival.

I often think of the words of our Lord, when He told Thomas: "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." It is seldom that we see a clear conversion, where the soul is changed in the twinkling of an eye, —when the newly born child of God confesses his sins, and rises up rejoicing and praising God for deliverance and for the assurance of salvation through the work of Christ, as I have seen it happen so often in the Moody Church and in other places in America. We have just faithfully and prayerfully to toil on until the Lord encourages us by giving us a glimpse of new life in such a soul, and until the person confesses: "I am an entirely different being; I hardly know myself any more. So much has been changed in my life,—things that had interested me so much before have no attraction for me any longer. I love God and I trust Him."

Only recently a dear woman, a widow and mother of four growing children, said: "I am so glad that you came out to tell us of the Lord and His power to save and to help and to sustain. I shouldn't know what to do without Him. My oldest boy, nineteen, makes life so hard for me that I sometimes feel I can't bear it any longer; but then I put my burden down before the Lord, and He helps me to go on again." Hers is a hard life. Her husband was called away to the war, and she was left alone with four little children. Then came the terrible time of the air-raids, and her home was completely destroyed. After many weeks she found another dwelling-place, and furnished it as well as she could with the few things that were left to her, and some that were given to her, so that she had at least a roof over her head and for her children. Not long afterwards the occupation troops came rushing in, and she had to hide and flee from place to place. When the worst was over, and she came back to her home, the rooms were empty, and again she was robbed of everything she possessed. Her husband came back from the war sick, and died the very first day he was in Wien, before she could see him. Her boys need a father, as she is hardly strong enough to bring them up. The oldest has finished his apprenticeship as a carpenter. She was so glad that now he would be able to earn his own living, but like most of our young people at this time, he can find no work. The second boy and the little girl are afflicted with tuberculosis. Yet in all her trouble this mother is cling-

(continued on page 16)

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, August-September, 1952. (The First National Bank in Yonkers is depository for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

35913---\$50.00	35945---\$75.00	35977---\$5.00	36009---\$2.00
35914---1.00	35946---25.00	35978---10.00	36010---25.00
35915---5.00	35947---5.00	35979---1.00	36011---5.00
35916---1.00	35948---1.00	35980---50.00	36012---100.00
35917---20.00	35949---1.00	35981---5.00	36013---5.00
35918---5.00	35950---5.00	35982---100.00	36014---25.00
35919---6.00	35951---2.00	35983---10.00	36015---1.50
35920---.50	35952---175.00	35984---3.00	36016---5.00
35921---2.00	35953---5.00	35985---10.00	36017---10.00
35922---5.35	35954---5.00	35986---2.00	36018---10.00
35923---40.00	35955---3.00	35987---2.00	36019---15.00
35924---10.00	35956---3.00	35988---8.10	36020---10.00
35925---10.00	35957---1.00	35989---75.00	36021---11.00
35926---1.50	35958---10.00	35990---1.00	36022---20.00
35927---1.00	35959---10.00	35991---75.00	36023---5.96
35928---16.00	35960---10.00	35992---50.00	36024---5.00
35929---10.00	35961---35.00	35993---10.00	36025---10.00
35930---11.00	35962---10.00	35994---3.00	36026---50.00
35931---15.00	35963---50.00	35995---3.00	36027---1.00
35932---10.00	35964---1.00	35996---1.00	36028---15.00
35933---5.00	35965---15.00	35997---10.00	36029---75.00
35934---11.00	35966---75.00	35998---.20	36030---35.00
35935---10.00	35967---2.00	35999---10.00	36031---5.00
35936---10.00	35968---10.00	36000---25.00	36032---1.00
35937---50.00	35969---1.00	36001---5.00	36033---5.00
35938---1.00	35970---25.00	36002---5.00	36034---5.00
35939---50.00	35971---5.00	36003---15.00	36035---15.00
35940---1.00	35972---5.00	36004---50.00	36036---10.00
35941---50.00	35973---50.00	36005---65.00	36037---20.00
35942---10.00	35974---10.00	36006---5.00	36038---15.00
35943---26.30	35975---5.00	36007---2.00	36039---5.00
35944---2.00	35976---5.00	36008---2.00	36040---1.00

The Auditor's Annual Report

First National Bank in Yonkers,
20 South Broadway, Yonkers, New York,
September 10, 1952.

American-European Fellowship,
Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith,
15 Philipse Place,
Yonkers, New York.

Gentlemen:—

Please be advised that I have audited the books of the American-European Fellowship for the year from July 1, 1951, to July 1, 1952, and have found them in excellent condition.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS R. McCUE,
Assistant Cashier.